



PRINCIPAL GRANT.



## CONTENTS.

### EDITORIALS:

	PAGE
The Ontario Medical Council.....	171
Memorials—Socialism—The <i>Owl</i> —The <i>Student</i> .....	172
The Organ Recitals—Thos. Hughes—Williamson Memorial Fund.....	173

### LITERATURE:

The Founding of Harvard.....	174
The Origin of Religion.....	176

### CONTRIBUTIONS:

Queen's Men as Explorers.....	177
Stanford.....	179
Pastoral Life on the Plains.....	180
The Assistant and the Wolf.....	182

### POETRY:

God Bless Old Queen's—On Reading Lampman.....	183
-----------------------------------------------	-----

### COLLEGE NEWS:

Alma Mater Society.....	183
Y.M.C.A.—Y.W.C.A.—Sunday Afternoon Addresses.....	184
Literary and Scientific Society—Q.U.M.A.—Æsculapian.....	185

### BIOGRAPHIES:

Another Batch of Seniors in Arts.....	185
Tom's Bhoys.....	187

### PERSONALS:

.....	189
-------	-----

### EXCHANGES:

.....	189
-------	-----

### DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS:

.....	190
-------	-----



QUEEN'S

# UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXIII.

KINGSTON, CANADA, APRIL 4TH, 1896.

No. 11.

## Queen's University Journal.

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers, during the Academic year.

G. R. LOWE, B.A., - - -	Editor-in-Chief.
R. BURTON, - - -	Assistant Editor.
F. PLAYFAIR, - - -	Managing Editor.
W. A. McILROY, - - -	Business Manager.
D. H. LAIRD, - - -	Asst. Business Manager.

**The Business Manager is in the sanctum daily from 11 to 12 to receive subscriptions.**

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

**E**ASTER means exams. immediately; mediately, something higher. In harmony with the brighter aspect of the season, the JOURNAL dons a new coat, designed as a special souvenir of our Alma Mater by Toshi C. Ikebara. It speaks for itself. We believe its adoption is in keeping with the time of year and its festival, and that its significance will sink into the student heart, after exams. are over. "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man." Look we to him who saith, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

\* \* \*

The Ontario Medical Council secured its legislative power not without opposition within, a considerable section of its members uniting in the "Medical Defence Association," yet in defiance of the proverb of the "divided house" it still flourished. Now that it is a prominent point of attack for the Patrons' destructive artillery, its end cannot be far distant. But even this imminent danger from without does not relieve the friends of the Council from the wholesome task of criticism. Few, if any, object on principle to a medical organization to protect the public from novices and quacks, even when it enforces its decrees by legislative enactment. Probably circumstances require such authority. The question is, is this the *only motive* in their imperious decrees? To an outsider, public interests certainly

do not appear to justify some of their latest doings.

The five years' course is not in harmony with the highest standards in other professions. The teaching profession in Ontario is, no doubt, in line with this thorough technical training, but its source of inspiration is too near the one now in question to be accepted as evidence in court. Training for law and the church, in those denominations requiring the highest standards, are based on a somewhat different principle, viz., give a man general education, develop his mind to the fullest capacity, and he will bring all these mature powers to bear on his special work, and so surpass men of less mental training, even if technically his superiors. Only two defences for a different course in the present case can be made, either medicine does not require brains, or doctors cannot be trusted to perfect their training by private study as others do. Both are plainly untrue. The physician follows a noble calling, where every gift finds its place, and no work is better fitted to excite the noblest devotion in its followers.

The only other reason is that the profession is overcrowded. Long terms and high fees are the most effectual means of exclusion. Overcrowded? We know country places, yes and towns, too, where licensed incapability thrives for lack of good doctors. If it is the duty of the Council to weed out quacks, is it not also its duty to provide capable men to ensure the health of the community? So long as it is assumed that every licentiate of the Council, irrespective of other qualifications, must be guaranteed a good living, large sections of the country must suffer at the hands of bad practitioners. The long expensive course excludes good men, and to crown all the graduate of any college must pay a hundred dollars for his provincial examination. Surely this is wrong. The actual expense cannot be half that sum, why then is the student taxed? It is the high water mark of protection. Probably nowhere in the world is any profession so exclusive. There is danger that much of the good work the Council has done, and is doing, is to be destroyed by this recently discovered molluscan shell, the so-called present "high standard."

The projects which the students set on foot, and into which they enter with whole-souled interest, are marks of their thought and feeling. And perhaps one of the brightest and most hopeful signs in college life is that of the students freely identifying themselves with the noble and good who have gone before, by uniting to give witness of the regard and esteem in which they are held.

Such are the proposals to perpetuate the memory of our beloved professors, Doctors Williamson, Fenwick and Saunders, the former dying in the subdued and quiet light of old age, the two latter with deep regret in the midst of their careers, manifesting alike the spirit of generosity and devotion.

That there should be a desire to commemorate lives shining with so clear a light, and so helpful and elevating to those who consider them, gives assurance that they have not passed from us unregarded, but that their example has seemed to us good, breathing inspiration to the many who have come within the sphere of their influence. May the schemes speed unfettered on their errand, approved by all the sons of Queen's!

\* \* \*

Enthusiasm for socialistic schemes, no doubt, arises from a variety of motives, good and bad. In most cases there is an alloy of selfishness, and socialists have not, as a rule, won a reputation for inward beauty of character. Yet, after all, those do not best represent the so-called laboring-class who make themselves prominent by wild, deprecatory utterances; the best of that class are much more sane and estimable characters. The enthusiasm of these latter has in it an element laudable enough. The laborer's condition is far from satisfactory, and it is not surprising that he should feel an inherent injustice in his lot. Socialism offers to him a ready escape from all his ills, and he takes to some one of its forms like a fish to water. There is no more hopeful sign than to see people wishing to better their condition in life. This impulse is the mainspring of progress, the root from which our whole civilization grows.

Socialism, most of us are convinced, is chimerical, but it is a very plausible remedy for the ills of humanity, and has entrapped many a one more educated than the average working-man. Free discussion is the best possible cure for such Utopian dreams. Through this alone is there hope of men coming to a consciousness of the real complexity of social relations and the impossibility of finding a panacea for the disorders of the body politic. The friendly intercourse which has taken place this session between the students and the members of the Workingmen's Association should be profitable to all concerned; helpful to the workingmen as we

have already hinted, and helpful to the students in enabling them to get closer to at least some of the facts which they profess to study.

\* \* \*

Our grave friend the *Owl* was very cross last week and apparently very sleepy too. After reading into our report of Prof. Marshall's address on Galileo, something which was not there, he ruffled up his feathers and gave our whole institution a severe rubbing. If our irate friend will consult his history he will find that in the time of Galileo the church did believe in the Ptolemaic theory, and if that implies a fault, though we fail to see that it does, history, and not our respected professor, is to be blamed for the reproach. The church, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, has ever been slow to admit the claims of advancing science, and even to-day certain scientific theories are mooted questions with the church. We thank our friend the *Owl* for his solicitude for our Roman Catholic students, than whom there are no more loyal sons of Queen's. But the solicitude is uncalled for. These men will let us know when their religion has been insulted or the tenets of their church misrepresented. But they are not looking out as is the *Owl*—from its watchtower—for fancied insults, and being reasonable men, they do not object to the statement of a plain historical fact nearly three centuries old, nor do they take it as a reflection upon the church which they love and revere as devotedly as do their brethren of Ottawa College. The "many such instances" are no doubt of a piece with the one that has called forth this hooting of our nocturnal friend. As for the attack upon our Principal, no comment is necessary. It must be merely the moulting season with this *rara avis*, which is, after all, one of our most valued exchanges.

\* \* \*

The *Student*, of Edinburgh, is a most amiable sheet. Under the heading "Our Contemporaries" is found the following: "On the whole, we think our Canadian brethren are to be especially congratulated on their productions. The covers are artistic, the general make-up excellent, while the contents are varied enough to suit all tastes." To the distracted editors, heartily kicking themselves because of obvious flaws and defects, such words are good news from a far country. And when our Scotch brother refers to ourselves in particular, it is still as "cold waters to a thirsty soul."

"QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL (Kingston Ontario) is run by the masculine element of society only. We notice an undercurrent of discontent at the admission of ladies into the University, in one or two numbers. Probably this is only due to certain of the editors suffering from (temporary) cardiac affections—with no sympathetic lesions on the part of their 'affinities'."

Mayhap later issues of the JOURNAL have modified the *Student's* impressions of us. Like most mortal men, we must admit the weakness referred to, but fear it is more than temporary.

Of course there are ladies on the JOURNAL Committee and it would be but fair to name a representative of the Levana in the published staff. Improvements along that line will likely be made in the next volume.

\* \* \*

An increase in the number of students attending a university is not necessarily a sign of real progress; nevertheless the steady advance of Queen's in this respect cannot fail to afford gratification to her friends, when we remember seeing disadvantages which tend to make that increase slow. Having neither the prestige of a state institution as such, nor the endowment of a Creesus seat of learning, we find ourselves situated in a relatively small city and consequently denied the privileges of enjoying the best productions in the way of art. Yet we are by no means utterly torn. Apart from the gifts and graces of our honoured Alma Mater, there are open to us sources of culture, refinement and spiritual enjoyment, which we prize the more perhaps, because they are not so numerous as in larger cities. It is scarcely possible to hide ourselves from landscapes of the greatest natural beauty. The refining and aesthetic influence of what excellent architecture we have, is all the more powerful just because it is not profuse; and so also, it may be, we have a keener appreciation of the gems of art which are within our reach, since we are in no immediate danger of a satiety.

Along with the rest of the community we feel ourselves deeply grateful to Mr. Harvey for the recitals which, out of the goodness of his heart, he has given. He cannot be aware, nor dare we venture to say what is the measure of the service so freely rendered. Many of the great masters of music were little more than names to some of us, till he, with true art and sympathetic interpretation, reproduced the efforts of their souls; and breathing through it all the charm of his own spirit, awakened love of purity, truth and beauty.

"And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,

That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."

\* \* \*

The author of that famous boys' book, written about forty years ago, "Tom Brown's School Days," is dead. A man of strong personality and noble character, he was distinguished in politics, law and letters. In 1848 he was called to the bar, in 1869 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel, and in 1882 he became a judge. As a member of parliament he

sought to advance the true interests of the working class. Indeed, all social questions were of interest to him. The Week was honored by having him as a regular subscriber. England has lost a true man and a patriot.

#### WILLIAMSON MEMORIAL FUND.

At a meeting of the Alumni Association of Queen's University, held in Kingston on Feb. 19th, the Chancellor explained that directly after the funeral of the late Dr. Williamson he issued the following circular :

"It is understood that the late Professor Williamson has, after providing for a few legacies, bequeathed the residue of his Estate to the endowment of the University. There are many old students and friends of Dr. Williamson who would like his name associated with some permanent memorial, and it is proposed to ask the Trustees to allow the bequest (which will be under \$1,000) to form the nucleus of a fund, to be supplemented by voluntary subscriptions sufficient to establish a fellowship or lectureship which would forever be known by his name.

"Those in favor of the proposal will be good enough to communicate with me as early as convenient, stating the sum they are disposed to contribute.

"SANDFORD FLEMING,

"Chancellor of Queen's.

"Ottawa, Oct. 2nd, 1893."

The sum of \$456 has been already sent in money or promises, the subscriptions ranging from \$1 to \$100.

The Alumni Association passed the following resolution :

Moved by Rev. J. Sinclair, seconded by Rev. J. Hay, and resolved : "That this Association approves of the step taken by the Chancellor with the view of establishing a Scholarship or Lectureship in memory of Dr. Williamson, and that the Chancellor, Mr. McIver, and the Rev. Mr. Cumberland be a Committee to call the attention of the Alumni generally to this project."

The Alumni Association will meet again during Convocation week in April, when it will be determined what further action should be taken. Meanwhile I shall, as Secretary of the Committee, be very glad to add the name of any old student or friend of the deceased to the list of contributors to the fund.

Remittances for any sum by P. O. Order or otherwise may be sent direct to the Treasurer, Mr. J. B. McIver, Kingston.

J. CUMBERLAND,

*Secretary,*

Kingston, Feb. 20th, 1896.

STELLA, ONT.

The above circular has been issued by the committee appointed to receive subscriptions for this fund.

We are glad to know that an effort is being made to perpetuate the name of the venerable and beloved professor.

For half a century he gave the benefit of his ripe and varied scholarship to our university, besides many handsome donations in money and instruments as the shelves of the Physical Class-room and Observatory can testify. The best proof of this is that at his death he had less than \$1,000 to bequeath as a testimony that the love and devotion with which, in his life, he had so well and faithfully served Queen's had continued to the end. Surely the least we ought to do is to supplement this, to found a Scholarship to be known for ever as the "Williamson Memorial." It will not require a large sum from any to accomplish this if we each give a little.

## LITERATURE.

### THE FOUNDING OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

**I**T was in 1630 that the charter of the colony of Massachusetts Bay was transferred from Old to New England by the leading members of the company, together with some 1,500 colonists. From this year the real political and social development of the colony dates. When King Charles I. granted the charter it was evidently with the expectation that the company would be chiefly of a commercial character like the East India Company, and directly tributary to the interests of the mother country. Almost immediately, however, the company began to take a turn quite other than economic, and those who had joined for gain alone soon dropped out of it. The company never paid any dividends, on the contrary it was the occasion of great expense and the object of much self-sacrificing labour and anxiety on the part of its chief promoters. The chief object of the organization was to attempt a great social and political experiment on a religious basis. At first the economic element was too much ignored, and that ignorance was the occasion of well nigh wrecking their first enterprise. As became such an undertaking, its leaders were enthusiastically devoted to it. Fortunately they were not overinflated with enthusiasm, and while they certainly moved at first with somewhat airy step, yet it was always on the earth they trod.

The founders of the colony were almost without exception men and women from the higher social and intellectual ranks of England, but were for the most part of serious minds, strong individuality and nonconformist tendencies in religion and politics. They were not, however, extremists to the same extent as those of the earlier Plymouth colony, or some of the later arrivals among themselves. At the same time they were pretty strict in their religious views, and, once out of England, they were inclined to be as dogmatical as the bishops from whom they dissented. A Mr. Blaxton, who had left England some time before and taken up his abode on the site of the future Boston, then called Trimontaine—the original of all the Tremont appellations of the modern city—being asked to make common cause with the new colony, replied bluntly that "he came from England because he did not like the Lords Bishops, but he could not join with them because he did not like the Lords Brethren."

Apart from London, the first colonists were mainly from Lincoln and its bordering shires, and from the old Lincolnshire seaport town of Boston the chief New England city takes its name. Hard experience soon pruned the first random shoots of their somewhat utopian ideas, and their strong self-

reliance, shrewdness and determination enabled them to make the best of the situation. The economic element grew rapidly and Boston merchants, fishers and traders were soon able to rather more than hold their own from the Newfoundland Banks to the Spanish Main.

With these colonists, provision for the needs of the soul was of even more importance than provision for the bodily needs. The minister and the meeting house figure largely even in the infancy of New England towns. Intimately associated with the religious were the intellectual interests. The connection is thus expressed in an introduction to one of their school ordinances: "It being one chief project of Satan to keep men from the knowledge of the Scripture, as in former times, keeping them in unknown Tongues, so in these latter times, by persuading from the use of Tongues, that so at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded and corrupted with false glosses of Deceivers; to the end that Learning may not be buried in the Graves of our forefathers, in Church and Commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors; it is therefore ordered etc." These earnest people were determined that for them, at least, Satan should not remain the custodian of the Scripture, hence we find that no sooner had they placed their settlement on a living basis than they set about making provision not only for common schools, but for grammar schools, and even a college. Six years after their first settlement we find the general court making a grant of £400, equal to a year's taxes of the whole colony, "towards a schoole or colledge" at Newtowne, afterwards called Cambridge in honor of the English seat of learning, where a number of the first colonists had been educated. Two years later Mr. John Harvard, the minister of Charlestown, a man of fine spirit and learning and ardently devoted to the educational interests of the new colony, gave his library and the greater part of his estate, amounting to some seven or eight hundred pounds, to the college. In consequence the general court "ordered that the colledge agreed upon formerly to bee built at Cambridge shall bee called Harvard Colledge," and the name of the Charlestown minister will be remembered when the names of most kings are forgotten. Other early benefactors, whose names are associated with integral parts of Harvard are Hollis, Stoughton, Wadsworth, Holden and Holworthy.

The first master of the college was the Rev. Nathaniel Eaton, one of those who had reached New England through Holland. Though a man of learning, he seems in other respects not to have been well fitted for his position. Following the English custom of the time the students lived in the college under the supervision of the master and his wife. This

matron seems to have been unusually frugal, and there was much complaint of "short commons." The master himself was of a very harsh temper, and on one occasion undertook to correct his usher or assistant teacher by having his servants hold him out by the arms and legs while he applied a cudgel without mercy. This brought matters to a crisis. The general court investigated the affair, dismissed Mr. Eaton from his position, fined him 100 marks, and awarded the usher £30 damages. The church at Cambridge excommunicated him. He went to Virginia, returned to England after the Restoration, conformed and became a noted instrument of persecution against his former associates, the non-conformists. To him succeeded Mr. Henry Dunster as president of the college in 1640. He was evidently a man in every respect most worthy, broad in culture, wise in administration and moderate in his views. His only fault in the eyes of his contemporaries was that his views were too moderate to be considered quite orthodox, and on this account he was at length forced to resign the position in 1653. Under his administration the college assumed those distinctive features which it largely retained down to the incumbency of its present illustrious head, who has probably introduced more radical changes than all his predecessors.

In 1640 the general court granted to the college the ferry between Boston and Charlestown as an additional source of revenue.

The year 1642 was an important one for Harvard. That year the first graduating class of nine young men left its humble halls. Most of them returned to England, there being as yet few openings in America, and, in common with the majority of several succeeding graduating classes, they occupied prominent places in church and state, in college halls and on the field of war, especially during the Cromwellian period.

It was in 1642 also that Harvard obtained its first charter, which, as it stands recorded in "The General Laws and Liberties of the Massachusetts Colony," is a model of brevity and directness. The essential part of it is as follows: "Whereas, through the good hand of God upon us, there is a colledg founded in Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex, called Harvard Colledg, for encouragement whereof, this court hath given the sume of five hundred pounds and also the revenue of the ferry betwixt Charlstown and Boston, and that the well ordering and managing of the sayd colledg is of great concernent; it is therefore Ordered by this Court and Authority thereof. That the Governor and Deputy Governor for the time being, and all the Magistrates of this Jurisdiction, together with the teaching Elders of the six next adjoyning townes, viz.,

Cambridge, Watertowne, Charlstown, Boston, Roxbury and Dorchester, and the president of the sayd colledg for the time being, shall from time to time have full power and authority to make and establish all such orders, statutes and constitutions as they shall see necessary for the instituting, guiding and furthering of the sayd colledg and members thereof, from time to time, in piety, morality and learning, and also to dispose, order and mannage to the use and behoofe of the sayd colledg and members thereof, all gifts, legacies, bequacaths, revenues, lands and donations, as either have been, are, or shall be conferred, bestowed, or any wayes shall fall or come to the sayd colledg." The remainder of the charter simply provides for a quorum and gives the right of appeal in any difficulties first to the Overseers and finally to the General Court.

We learn from the colonial records that soon after this there was a general interest in the college manifested by the neighboring colonies, which sent some of their youth to Harvard for instruction and benefited by having her graduates settle in them. Various donations both in goods and money came in from these outside settlements, and were expressly exempted from duties of all kinds. Much valuable assistance arrived from England also, where the college had many warm friends. In 1644 we find that "upon advice from the commissioners of the United Colonies for general care to be taken for the incouragement of learning and maintenance of pore schollars in the colledge at Cambridge—It is ordered that the deputys shall command it to the severall towns; of every family alowing one peck of corne, or 12d. in money or other commodity, to be sent in to the Treasurer for the colledge at Cambridge." In 1647, in response to a petition from the president, the court makes the following moderate concession to the needs of the medical students: "We conceive it very necessary that such as studies phisick or chirurgery may have liberty to reade anotomy, and to anotomize once in four yeares some malefactor, in case there be such as the Courte shall allow of."

In 1650 another change was made in the administration of the college. By an act of the court the college was henceforth to be a distinct corporation, consisting of seven persons, namely, a president, five fellows (or professors) and a treasurer or bursar. It is to be self-continuing and to hold and manage all the college property, as well as control all academic affairs. The corporation is to be subject, however, to the counsel and consent of the overseers provided for in the previous charter. The modest nature of their endowment is indicated by the provision which permits them to hold property to the value of £500 per annum. The property of the cor-

poration shall be free from all taxes, and the members of it from from military service. After the Colony Charter was abolished in 1685, although it was expressly provided in the new Province Charter that the rights and privileges of the college should remain in force as at the time of vacating the Colony Charter, yet attempts were made to obtain a new and extended act of incorporation. However, various difficulties arose and in 1707 they returned to the charter of 1650, which remained in force till the revolution. The number of the corporation had been increased in 1673.

Although no doubt the majority of the Harvard students of those days were of a very serious and devout turn of mind, as became the traditions of their fathers, yet there is evidence that some, at least, of the students and other youths of even those godly times, were not altogether proof against the snares of the Wicked One, for we read in the public records of the colony that "Divers loose, wayne and corrupt persons, both such as come from forraigne partes and also some others, here inhabitinge and residinge, insinuate themselves into the fellowship of the younge people of this country, drawing them both by night and by day from their callinges, studiess, honest occupations, and lodging places, to the great dishonour of God, greife of their parents, masters, teachers, tutors, guardians, overseers, and such like." The court therefore proceeds to threaten with penalties any person or persons who shall entice the youth to spend their time or estate in wicked company, and special mention is made of "schollars belonginge to the colledge or any other Latine schoole."

Many other passages in the colonial records testify to the great and increasing interest which the colony had in Harvard college, and their regard for it proved to be well founded for much of the prosperity and higher political, social and religious life of the New England Colonies was due to the graduates of Harvard. Throughout its history Harvard has, on the one hand, reflected the spiritual life and interests of the New England people, while on the other it has been a chief factor in maintaining the vigor and broadening the interests of that life.

#### **SYNOPSIS OF A PAPER ON "THE ORIGIN AND EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION."**

BY REV. R. J. HUTCHEON, M.A.

##### I. Introduction. (1) Philosophy of Religion.

After pointing out by what books his attitude towards the question of the Philosophy of Religion had been determined, the writer gave a synopsis of Prof. Edward Caird's answer to the question, "what is the root or basis of religion in the nature of our intelligence?" and showed that the idea of God,

which is the content of the religious consciousness, is "an essential principle or rather the ultimate essential principle of our intelligence, a principle which must manifest itself in the life of every rational creature;" in other words that every rational being as such is a religious being.

(2) Presuppositions that make impossible a history of early religion.

(a) The idea that the first three chapters of Genesis are adequate, in the face of all the scholarship of the time, as an explanation of the origin of things. In this connection it was shown how geology, biology, embryology, philology, anthropology, comparative mythology, and historical criticism had served to loosen the grasp of this primitive account of things upon the mind and to show us the proper method for its interpretation as a poem of creation.

(b) The belief that the idea of God was introduced into the mind from without by a miraculous revelation. As a criticism of this idea it was maintained that, if the Philosophy of Religion on which the paper was based, *i.e.*, if God was the beginning, middle and end of all our conscious life, then it was inconceivable that the idea of God was introduced into man's consciousness from without by a miraculous revelation. The psychological impossibility of such a revelation was dwelt upon and Prin. Fairbairn's criticism of it in his "Philosophy of Religion" was quoted.

##### II. The mental condition of savages,

Following up the suggestion of the introduction that man's religion could not be studied apart from the other contents of his consciousness, the condition of the mind in its savage state was described at some length. It was pointed out with what facility the savage passes up and down the "scala naturae" without perceiving the lines of division which separate one kind of being from another. Particular emphasis was laid upon one feature of his imagination, viz., his habit of regarding all things as animated and personal. Examples were quoted from the records of savage life in our own time.

##### III. Classification of Early Religions.

The difficulty of classification, due to the fact that the whole spiritual life of the savage was a mere jungle, was insisted on and the following classification given as most suited for the purpose of the paper:

###### (1) Worship of nature.

(a) Larger phenomena.

(b) Smaller phenomena.

(2) Ancestor worship.

(3) Fetishism.

(4) Totemism.

After dismissing the question of the order of this classification, the content of each religion and its

social influence were described at length and examples were quoted from different sources to verify the various statements made.

#### IV. The development of each.

Emphasis was laid on the fact that each religion in its own course of development took with it characteristics of the other three and thus the heterogeneity of each was accounted for. The worship of nature was traced especially through the Greek religion and the reason for the zoomorphic and anthropomorphic stages was shown. Polytheism, Kathenotheism, Henotheism and Monotheism were each described and examples of the language of each given from classical authors.

The development of the other three in China, Africa and Egypt was indicated but the time was too limited for a full account of that development.

#### V. The practices connected with early religion.

The importance of institutions and ritual practices in early religion as taking the place of our modern creeds and confessions was maintained and an account of the following given: (1) Sacrifice. (2) Prayer. (3) Sacred places and persons. (4) Sacred seasons. (5) Magic. The paper closed with a plea for the study of early religions as necessary for a thorough understanding and valuation of the contents of our own religious consciousness.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### QUEEN'S MEN AS EXPLORERS.

*(Continued from last issue.)*

A N Indian youth, startled by the sudden appearance of five strange canoes, made a cautious reconnoitre. Then overcome by curiosity he approached within hail. Lumbago Joe asked him where the city was. When the astonished boy had recovered sufficiently, he pointed just opposite, and there standing out boldly against the evening sky was Ardoch, with its three buildings and a meeting house belfry. As letters could be posted here, the camp fire that evening was surrounded by scribes, laboriously chronicling for their friends the most thrilling of their experiences. One fact was regarded by our sociologist as significant—the benedicts were up two hours later than the rest.

As tenting ground was at a premium, Whiteducks agreed to sleep under a canoe with Ike. Whiteducks did not sleep, but spent the night collecting the material for his monograph on "Mosquitoes and other evidences of the Adversary in Creation." Half a day was spent in sight-seeing, the blacksmith shop, the Indian cobbler's and the store being the chief attractions. The store aroused the greatest interest, for it contained everything required by man. Mr. Munroe, the store-keeper, furnished us

with much valuable information about the mineral locations of the region. Some changes were noticed in the personal outfits. Hin-of-the-Boiled-Shirt fell back on negligee and became the greatest tough in the party; his new Christie was left to gladden the heart of some fortunate finder; shoepack succeeded boot.

From Ardoch to Long Lake the river was rapid, threading a tortuous course through the wood, expanding into lakelet and contracting into waterfall. Ducks were numerous, but the guns were always in the rear. Sunday was spent amid charming surroundings at the outlet of Long lake. This lake proved to be most interesting mineralogically and geologically. The rocks throughout this district lie in the form of a synclinal fold. The edge of this syncline are composed of granite and gneiss, while crystalline limestone forms the axis. Cross lake has cut through the granite wall and Long lake was found to lie along the centre of the trough. The water course breaks through the other granite wall, when it turns northward from Long lake into Marble lake and the Mazinaw. Through the crystalline limestone protruded magnificent specimens of eruptive dykes, with all their accompanying phenomena. In this neighborhood we obtained good samples of minerals containing gold, silver, lead, antimony, zinc, copper and iron and firm garnets as well. At the head of Long lake, Myer's Cave, with its fabulous treasures, was explored, but "fool's gold" was the only booty to be secured. The burdens of our canoes were here materially lightened by shipping the specimens to Kingston. Marble lake in its marble basin was next explored. Its reefs were baited with sirens and every canoe came to grief save the Pinta, whose captain, having been forewarned by Circe, had his crew prevent his seeing ahead and thus he was enabled to steer too crooked a course to run against anything. Marble rapids at the head of the lake dash down the same beautiful rock. The township of Barrie has been called the marble township of Canada, and it would seem that railway facilities alone were required to establish in it a valuable industry. We camped one evening at Snider's Depot and walked to Cloyne, where the villagers were most hospitable. One remarked that it was "a durn fine chunk of an evening this," and on receiving a reply in the affirmative kindly offered to accommodate our pupilist. We had to decline his generous offer, as that officer could not yet be appointed by us, the finals still remaining to be pulled off.

On our return we found the party augmented by a gentleman from New York, who after an exciting chase through the country had been able to intercept us. Next day we were on the clear water of

Lake Mazinaw; to the right the granite shore rose high and precipitous, on the left its verdant slope fell away with a graceful incline. Just as we were gliding under the pictured rocks, whose summits towered over two hundred and fifty feet above us, Him-of-the-Boiled-Shirt was naturally feeling peculiarly romantic. We met a canoe with Davy Boyle, the provincial archaeologist, and another containing two fair damsels. Him-of-the-Boiled-Shirt conjured his star to upset that canoe that he might have a chance to rescue one, but cruel fate only gave him a chance to rescue himself. At the head of the lake we enquired of a fisher a good camping ground. He said there was a good spot a little way up the creek, which the lumbermen have designated by the significant appellation of Louse. His little way was like the Indian's mile and a little piece—one quarter of an hour for the mile, but the rest of the day for the little piece. We struggled up that muddy creek till dark before we at last hit upon a spot which was sheltered and free from rampikes and would therefore be safe from the tempest which was evidently brewing. By the intermittent glare of the lightning we set our tents and made all snug. Then we prepared to dine. But just then the deluge came. Each grabbed all the eatables within reach and made for his tent. The fire was instantly extinguished and darkness reigned supreme. Lum-bago Joe, tripping on a log, stood on his head, Dead-shot Dick, falling on top, discharged his plate of hot rice and apple sauce down his neck, and the cook, immediately behind sent his hot coffee over both. Above the storm could be heard the stentorian voice of Dick calling upon his tent mate to guide him into port. Before the tents could be located all was drenched.

The return trip to Snow Road though rapid was enjoyable and instructive. The party was now in good form and less green. We had learned how to travel and eat pork. Paddling was nothing, portaging only a pleasant diversion, and we could shoot most of the rapids. Specimens were collected and mining locations visited. At Snow Road our special box car 512 was waiting. Into it we stored our canoes and outfit. As we would not be picked up till late in the night, we decided to visit the Wilbur iron mine seven miles farther up the K. & P. By the time we had inspected the mine it was late and a hot day had become a cool night. While one was chartering a hand car, the rest of the party tried to keep warm. The kind-hearted storekeeper perceiving the distress produced a stock of coats which she persuaded us to use till we got to camp. When the hand car was ready we piled on and the unpaced record for the distance must undoubtedly have been smashed.

We made our beds for the night on the floor of our car, packed pretty tightly, but things can be shipped more safely if well packed. Our sleep was somewhat disturbed when the engine coupled on, especially that of the ones at the end of the car, who acted as buffers for the rest. But though it was a little rough and noisy most of us finished our sleep except Whiteducks, who, lying under the end of a canoe liable to drop at any moment, found the suspense too great for sleep. Our car was dropped at the station named Tichbourne after the celebrated Australian butcher. In a railway cutting there, we found a good exposure of that interesting rock Norite.

Bob's Lake was next visited and here we obtained crystals of tourmaline as fine as can any where be found. Magnificent specimens of actinolite were also procured, while the phosphate and mica mines afforded perfect crystals of apatite mica, scapolite and pyrite. From Bob's Lake we dropped down stream past Bolingbroke and the mill on the Floss to Christie's Lake. Most of the rapids could be shot and we were treated to a good deal of this most thrilling sport. Christie's Lake, with its ever-green shores, its clear water, studded with pine-crowned islets, was the most charming little lake on the trip. It was so beautiful that Chawley wanted to buy it, but we managed to tear him away. Magnificent groups of pyroxenes were found in an opening for iron. Thence we ran the Tay to Perth, coming to anchor alongside the str. John Haggart, the usual crowd of half-curious idlers being at the wharf to witness the arrival. After spending a few hours painting the town we headed towards Kingston.

On the Lower Rideau we collected specimens of the world famous mineral, Perthite, from its original locality, besides many interesting rocks. A number of mining locations were examined as we proceeded. At Jones' Falls the sandstone conglomerate of the Potsdam formation was seen in contact with the graphic gneiss of the Laurentian. Below Jones' Falls a series of basaltic dykes were found, with columnar structures so strongly developed as to give them the appearance of piled cordwood. On the river S-t-i-c-k-s the sandstone quarry was examined; this quarry is distinguished in possessing the finest tree-like concretions on the continent.

On Thursday, the 26th, we arrived in Kingston and repaired to the School of Mining to sort out our specimens, nine boxes of which, shipped from various points along the route, awaited us.

Adieu were then said, with the hope of again meeting in the field class for '96, and the party disperses. And thus ended a most prosperous tour, beneficial to both body and mind.

**STANFORD.**

It was my privilege a short time ago to visit the leading universities of California, paying special attention to the two most important, the University of California, and the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, and taking a short "graduate course" at the latter.

I confess that I did so with an altogether unwarranted prejudice not foreign to many Canadians against American universities in general and Western universities in particular.

The University of California, that is the State university, beautifully situated at Berkeley, on the side of the Bay opposite to San Francisco, and five miles north of Oakland, takes a high place among the universities of the United States. It is the pride of the national life of California, for in nothing does that national life glory more than in the education of her youth. Professor Joseph Le Conte holds the chair of Geology in this institution.

But this university, with a dozen colleges and seminaries, with first-class laboratories, libraries, etc., and with an attendance of nearly 1,500 students, is rivalled by the other that I have mentioned, the Leland Stanford, Junior, University.

The founding of this university was determined upon by the Hon. Leland Stanford, and Jane Lathrop Stanford, his wife, in 1884. In 1885 a Board of Trustees was elected and the Grant of Endowment publicly made. The corner stone was laid on May 14th, 1887, the nineteenth anniversary of Leland Stanford, Junior. The university was formally on October 1st, 1891.

The total amount of lands donated by the Hon. Leland Stanford to the trustees of the university is over 85,000 acres; and these are among the most highly cultivated and fertile lands of the State. The Palo Alto Farm, in San Mateo County, in the Santa Clara Valley, contains more than 13 square miles, every foot of which is well adapted to agricultural and mechanical pursuits. The university is located on this farm 33 miles south-east of San Francisco, on the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific Railway.

Twelve of the buildings form a quadrangle, enclosing an area of three and a quarter acres. This enclosed area is paved with asphalt, interspersed with the loveliest tropical plants and surrounded by a continuous arcade adjacent to the buildings. This forms the first of a series of quadrangles, to be erected as occasion requires. Detached buildings of the other quadrangles, as the dormitories, gymnasiums, museums, etc., have been erected. On the west of the avenue leading from Palo Alto Town to the university is the Leland Stanford, Junior, Museum, a magnificent concrete building. It contains Egyptian, Assyrian, Oriental, Greek, Roman,

pre-historic, ancient, and mediæval antiquities, coins and fossils. Enormous sums have been paid for its equipment. The vestibule is 45 x 56 feet, 70 feet in height, and is faced with marble.

One cannot but feel that here he is on enchanted ground. National differences are for the time obliterated and he fancies that he has been suddenly transported to old Cambridge.

" And from my pillow, looking forth by light  
Of moon or favoring stars, I could behold  
The antechapel where the statue stood  
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,  
The marble index of a mind forever  
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought alone."

This museum forms the west corner of the outer quadrangle. The library, now in the inner quadrangle, is to form its east corner. Behind the central quadrangle are the mechanical laboratories, the engineering department, the boiler and power houses.

Colleges and seminaries in all the technical and higher branches of learning are either founded, or in contemplation and process of completion. Special attention is given to the study of Sociology, and the mechanic arts which tend to ameliorate and ennoble mankind, agriculture not excepted. In fact a stock and dairy farm is maintained within a mile from the university for instruction in all the branches of agriculture; and so well is this farm managed that it contributes largely to the revenue of the university. Scores of horses of improved breeds—Neapolitan, English, Corsican, Turk, Barb, Spanish, Flanders, etc., varying in value from \$100 to \$150,000, fed, housed and groomed in the most humane and skilful fashion, with their foals, brisk about, adding a home-like appearance to the surroundings. Equal attention is also given to improving the best breeds of cattle—Ayrshires, Durhams, Jerseys and Holsteins.

The purpose of the university, as stated in its Charter, is "to promote the public welfare by exercising an influence in behalf of humanity and civilization, teaching the blessings of liberty regulated by law, and inculcating love and reverence for the great principles of government as derived from the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Sectarian instruction is prohibited, but the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the existence of an all-wise and benevolent Creator are required to be taught, and that obedience to His laws is the highest duty of man. Equal facilities are offered to both sexes. No saloons are allowed to be opened on any part of the estate. Lots are held in Palo Alto Town on condition that no intoxicating liquors shall be bought or sold, in which case the right of ownership reverts to the Trustees of the estate. Saloons, however, are in vogue in the

nearest adjoining town. The late Senator, I am informed, offered this corporation an electric railway to the university, on condition that the right to barter in intoxicants would be forfeited. The corporation replied in the negative without thanks.

The location of the university is one of the most delightful spots in the whole of the charming Santa Clara Valley. The flowery foothills of the Coast Range of mountains stoop to join the fertile plains beneath.

I have always read Wordsworth's descriptions of the life of nature with heart-felt pleasure, but never with so much joy of soul as when roaming at will over these gently undulating hills, clothed in eternal green, receding and gradually rising from the rich fertile valleys, and reclining against the dark sky; fitting emblem of the steps from the college halls and class-rooms at their feet, where truth is but partially seen, upward and onward to the throne of God.

Flowers of every variety clothe the hills in winter with beauty and fragrance. In February, March and April beds of poppies paint the landscape in colours of the loveliest hue; while the sequina, pine, oak, cedar, cypress, laurel, manzanita, and other trees redeem it from all traces of effeminate monotony. Its delicate beauty and freshness is also brought into relief by the statuary of classic song and story. Interspersed between tropical plants innumerable, between trees native and foreign, between orange, peach and pear groves, in hanging gardens and vine-yards, between sparkling fountains, are the fauna and flora, and statues of by-gone ages, in the costliest bronze, marble and granite. Trees, bearing the inscription, "Planted by General Grant, General Lee, Harriet Beecher Stowe, or Garfield;" names that are dear to the nation's heart, and to which nature pays its tribute by the luxuriant growth of living organisms, standing as guide posts to eternal glory, to the young truth seekers who, alas, too often aimlessly meander within these sacred precincts.

The name of Senator Stanford, to whose altruism this university will be a perpetual monument, is a household word in every Californian home. He was born at Albany, N. Y., March 9th, 1824. From 1849-52 he practised law at Port Washington, Wis., after which he went to California and entered into business with three of his brothers. He first appeared in politics as a delegate to the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency; and was elected governor of California in 1861. In his inaugural address he urged the importance of building a transcontinental railway, and a company with him as president was formed on July 1st of that year. He was elected to the U. S. Senate as a republican for the term 1885-91.

It was when travelling on the continent that he conceived the idea of founding a university on a large scale. He had founded a ladies' seminary several years before, in the beautiful foothills behind the present site of the university. His only son, Leland Stanford, Jr., whose name the university now bears, while accompanying him and Mrs. Stanford on their journey through Italy, was smitten down with fever and snatched away in the promise of youth.

Even then, in the hour of darkness, a rift appeared in the clouds, and new hope and life were born in this great man's soul, a life begotten not of selfishness, but of consecration to the well being of humanity. "The children of California," he said, rising from his knees, "shall be my children." The infant university was then born into the world. It is the world's property, and will doubtless contribute to the world's life.

While the university was but a few years old, before the complications which must necessarily arise out of the transmission of so vast a trust were fully settled, before seeing the complete triumph of his life's work, this benefactor of mankind passed away. In the settlement of these complications a lawsuit became inevitable. The law suit was finally won by the university a few months ago, and the friends of higher education and of humanity will rejoice with her and wish her God speed.

ALF. FITZPATRICK.

#### PASTORAL LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

The thresher had broken down and all the hands were thrown out of work until repairs could be brought in. Here were eighteen idle hands, and Satan, the proprietor of that immense employment bureau which has branch offices in every land and in every district, was applied to for work. He sustained his reputation of course and furnished them with a job. He set them to work with a promise of good wages, and in this case they received both more and less than they had anticipated. They learned by the transaction how much better it is to give than it is to receive.

At six o'clock the men partook of their evening repast, which was served up by whomsoever thought himself neatest and most expeditious. The banqueting hall was rustic, built of logs, and was of huge dimensions, probably 13 by 16 ft. There was no "fairest Eve" to superintend the sweeping and dusting, and it was plainly evident there that no one can fill another's place. The spread was large and not inartistic. There was none of that dead-lead monotony that characterizes a formal banquet, when the guests must sit down in rows along the two sides of a table. A few sat at the table, of course.

Some of the rest who had come from the East luxuriously reclined upon the bed, and those less fortunate distributed themselves round the wall. A huge pot of tea stood upon the stove (I say it stood because it had legs), and over it, as over all the viands, was inscribed the welcome, "Help yourself, for if you don't nobody else will." The servants thus multiplied performed their duties faithfully, and it was not long until all were satisfied, and the table certainly looked as though they should have been.

Now, though the appetites had been more ravenous than usual on this particular evening, everybody felt a reserve and restraint brooding over them. The jokes which were usually good and numerous were, that evening, few and insipid. Everyone was wondering why Sam Chapman, who had come to the front as a leader, was not enlivening proceedings with some of his choice wit. After supper his countenance, which had been dull and heavy, became somewhat brightened. Still he was silent, and this was the more noticeable because Sam was no Quaker. The "blue nose," whom he had been eyeing suspiciously for some time, left the house and came over to visit my pard. In this there was nothing remarkable, because he found the company of his fellow workmen distasteful and on every possible opportunity had sought release from it by visiting the neighbors round with whom he was not acquainted. It was not much of a compliment to the fellows, but they were insensible enough to ascribe it to his inappreciation of what was really good. Sam was just then sitting on the corner of the bed, smoking a clay—a pretty dirty one. His broad sombrero, a genuine Sletson, shoved well back upon his head, disclosed a not unattractive countenance. Bronzed and sunburnt, it was still handsome, and though determination was legibly written upon every feature, there was nothing that would give any indication that he was ungenerous or revengeful. He was so noticeably quiet that when Jackson asked, "What are you thinking about, Sam, that keeps you so mum?" he was voicing everybody's question. Sam took three or four long, heavy, thoughtful pulls of his pipe, and then removing it with the dignity of a tragedian, answered: "Well! to tell the truth I think it's about time something was being done." He took two heavy puffs while the fellows waited for him to define that general remark.

"That tenderfoot," he continued, pointing the stem of his pipe toward the retreating Nova Scotian, "needs to learn our alphabet before he can read our ideas or appreciate our conversation. Every night he goes away as soon as he's had hash and returns after we go to sleep, and wakens us about

11. Now it isn't good for his health to be out so late; and besides he deprives himself of the educating influences of our camp. I'm glum, gentlemen, because I feel we've neglected our duty to a fellow fresh from 'home-and-mother influences' in permitting him thus to go astray. I'm not going to neglect my duty one day longer."

The pipe had almost gone out and he puffed desperately to rekindle it. His hearers were interested and in the interval applauded and complimented his oratory. The removal of the pipe was the signal that the communication of the plans was to begin and everybody came to order. He resumed: "To-night you see he's away as usual; and as it is early we have time to teach him a profitable lesson. I propose to scare him. We will make up some sort of beast that will give him a fright, and two of us underneath it will carry it to meet him. If he isn't cured of roving someone else can try some other medicine."

Sain and his chum, Jack McConcchy, made the scareman, and when it was finished they could hardly walk for laughing. They knew that he laughs best who laughs last, and they only wondered how they could laugh more heartily at the last act of the drama, than they were now doing.

Jesse James (so named by the local scribe from the circumstance of his having snapped an unloaded gun at a fellow who had run off with his best girl) was returning home late. As he was going along near the made-up beast, his horse shied and refused to obey the reins. Jesse found out the cause of the faithful animal's discomfiture and the design of the affair, and then started for his home, so Chapman thought. Instead of taking the direct path he turned aside to tell me of the plot. He mentioned incidentally that they were a little afraid over there that the fellow had a revolver.

I told Jesse to tie his horse while I loaded a shot gun with two small charges of powder. We then marched to the scene of battle, and 100 yards from it I waited. It was quite dark but when Jesse came within range the gun went off just like a pistol. The scarers started to run. Chapman fell into a badger hole and threw up his hands, shouting: "Don't shoot any more." But he asked mercy from one who knew not its name, and a second shot rang out in the midnight air. He scrambled to his feet and never exercised them more violently than while he was running that quarter-mile.

Jesse and I returned in high spirits to the shanty where my friend and the Bluenose remained in such blissful ignorance that we did not dare to disturb it.

But the camp of the enemy was intensely excited. The first shot had alarmed them; the shout of surrender, which they distinctly heard, had given

them the idea that Chapman was wounded; the second shot made them certain that murder was being attempted. They rushed out of the shanty, demolished the scareman, and felt relieved when they received their companions safe and sound. Every man of them was for revenge, and they went into the house to deliberate. With the exception of Chapman (whose nervous system had sustained such a shock that he was forced to lie down on the bed from which a few hours before he had made his oration), the men remained standing. It was decided that the Nova Scotian should be haltered, the halter thrown over a beam, and when the scare had gone far enough his life was to be spared. While some one went for the rope, used for 'bucking' straw, in walked the doomed man with a pail of milk. His countenance betrayed no knowledge of the affair, much less any trace of guilt. They were completely dumfounded and sent some of their number over to our ranch for light. Chapman could not walk, but his pard, McConechy, came over to tell the story. We clenched our teeth in indignation as he proceeded, but when he told us he heard the bullet whistle past his ears the force of gravity was unequal to the occasion. Everything was explained and everybody put in good humor. I have seen water cooled by evaporation and I was impressed with its spiritual counterpart. The temper of these men was at boiling point, under extraordinary pressure, but the evaporation was so rapid that it cooled in almost no time. All recognized the justice of the scheme, and although Chapman felt annoyed at first, he was too generous to resent what had been done. He only said: "I never felt anything like it before and I hope I may not again." The Nova Scotian was permitted to become naturalized naturally.

#### THE ASSISTANT AND THE WOLF.

It was a surveying party in the west. One morning the assistant shouldered the gun and put a few shells in his school bag, with the field notes. About two o'clock he remarked to the boss that it looked pretty heavy going ahead, and the boss replied, "Ye—e—s! I guess you fellows might as well go to camp." You see, the assistant *stood in* well, for when the boss was sick the assistant could run the line and chain, and sometimes there are assistants who don't know any more about logarithms and triangles and theodolites than theologues about pedro.

The assistant had only one partridge, and so thought he would go home by the river. It was a mile and a quarter to the Ochre and the camp was two miles straight north on the bank. Just about ten yards from the bank, as he approached the

stream, he heard to his right, in the thick willow scrub, a nerve-quickenning cluck. Now a cut line in heavy timber with dense bottom is just a long lane 6 ft. wide. Therefore when the bird crossed the narrow opening of the line, like one of Rayside's shots, and dropped dead on the ice, the assistant merely said, "That stops that song and dance," and dropped out from the willows onto the ice to pick him up, but he remembers that moment along with two or three other choice moments, when for a fleeting second or two he felt as good a man as the best.

Well that counted partridge No. 2, and the assistant struck off to his left hand down the river to camp. He got into a covey of partridge—after getting a big white rabbit, with yellow ears and paws—and knocked over four. He had just one shell left and it was getting quite dusk, so he turned over to the river again. But taking a final glance around, he saw Mr. partridge No. 7 sitting about half way up a tall birch. He skirmished around to murder him and behold there was No. 8 on a branch near the top—and only one shell! He very cautiously lined them up, (they are tame at dusk) took a dead sure bead and missed.

That settled it, and he struck for camp at a lively clip. The river is about as wide as Princess St., often less, with heavy timber and very heavy scrub on the banks, so except on the cut lines there could be no such easy road to camp. About the time he thought he would soon catch sight of camp, the assistant's eye, trained to some extent for a tenderfoot, noticed a bit of bank that seemed familiar, and looking closely saw a felled tree on the bank and then a line. Sufferin' humanity! only half way and he thought he had passed that line an hour before. He considered the advisability of going out that line to an old trail he knew and to camp that way, but that meant at least a mile and three-quarters, and maybe the one mile to camp by the river wouldn't be more than two miles and the walking was good. So off he went down the river. He walked, and he walked, the stars came out, and he walked, he saw the river coming back past him on his left hand, about fifteen yards away, so he went over there and walked; then it came past him on his right hand, not far off, so he went over there and walked. Then he wondered if he did right; maybe a fellow might stray to the Riding Mountains instead of to that snug little 7 x 9 tent some twenty yards from the "dining car," where Joe Dufault was no doubt dispensing fried pork and hot tea and soup, and there he was pegging down that ribbon of ice, with bright enough stars over head, but with a sombre wall of bush on either hand, and an occasional yelp from a coyote, sounding from different sides as they ran

rabbits in the scrub. He didn't care for coyotes, but there were timber wolves; and he had never thought of them before. He had heard them and seen tracks, and the boss saw a couple in the summer, but no one except the cook (whom the outfit had fired) took any stock in wolves. But all the same the assistant wished he hadn't been such a blooming fool as to fire all his shells. He heard a yelp pretty close and though he knew it was only a coyote, he watched the bank narrowly. If you had asked him why, he would have said he was just watching the rabbits playing along the edge, because he had no shells, but he was really keeping a watch for wolves. "A watched pot boils slowly," and the assistant hoped this would never boil, but, bad luck to it, there just a little in front, on the right-hand bank, stood one in the shade of some over-hanging willows!

The assistant has owned up to being scared—badly scared—but he thought he would try a bluff. It wasn't a coyote—too big—the famous Canadian grey wolf, and as the wolf did'nt turn tail he had to be bluffed. The assistant's father had some Jersey thoroughbreds and the bovine paterfamilias was used to scaring all strangers, and occasionally in his five-acre lot would come at the assistant, who was wont to stand till he came within fifteen feet and then give a jump and a yell that always stopped him. If he had thought of the famous yell of his Alma Mater he would have tried it perhaps, but fortunately for him the other came quicker and was more appropriate, for when he swung over to the right hand bank as he walked, just to work the bluff for all it was worth and deliver his best yell, a red calf trotted out on the ice. It belonged to one of the three squatters in those thirty-six square miles, and had strayed five or six miles from home by the river. If the assistant had only had some buckshot cartridges the wolf would have been veal.

---

## POETRY.

---

### GOD BLESS OLD QUEEN'S.

TUNE—God Save the Queen.

**A**LMA Mater of thee  
In chorus glad and free  
Of thee we sing.  
And as of old our sires,  
Tuned oft their Doric lyres,  
So we too would aspire,  
Tribute to bring.

Our fathers raised the song,  
Their sons the theme prolong,  
The chorus swell.  
Roam we in foreign lands,  
Or on our native strands,  
We still join hearts and hands,  
To wish thee well.

Fair wisdom crown thy brow,  
O Queen's we pray that thou  
Mayst e'er command  
True men within thy halls,  
True men without thy walls,  
True men where duty calls,  
A loyal hand,

And now before we part,  
Let's sing it from the heart,  
God bless old Queen's!  
And when we meet again,  
We'll sing the old refrain,  
Aye, sing with might and main,  
God bless old Queen's.

Kingston.

H. HELOISE DUPUIS,

---

### ON READING LAMPMAN.

The liquid beauty of a heart serene,  
Whose grace the quiet bed of Nature, brought  
In flowing accents to the surface mien,  
Disturbed not by the eddying whims of thought,  
Has in my soul a dream-awakening been  
Of what to me in summer woods she taught,  
And deep infused when all her garments green,  
Her every sound with full import was fraught.  
And as a leaf torn from its home away  
May float the ripples of a woodland stream,  
To feel anew in that calm pulsing rest  
The gentle swaying of its native sprout.  
So felt I, and for a space did seem  
Asleep again on Nature's soothing breast.

M. A. J.

---

## COLLEGE NEWS.

---

### ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

**A**N open meeting of the A. M. S. was held on Saturday evening, March 31st, in Convocation hall, and a very fair attendance was present. Communications were read from Mrs. Dr. Saunders and from M. S. Burnette, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Workingmen's Social Science Club. The latter communication was an invitation to the society to address the club at some meeting in the near future. The communication was referred to the class in Political Science.

The following committee was appointed to take steps towards securing the immediate co-operation of the Æsculapian and Arts Societies in placing a brass in Convocation hall in memory of our late vice-principal, Prof. Williamson, viz: The President, and Messrs. J. R. Fraser, B.A., John Munroe and A. E. Ross, B.A. A grant of \$10 was made to aid in securing the tablet, payable to this committee on condition that at least \$25 he contributed from other sources.

On account of some difficulty which the society has experienced concerning bills that have been left standing from one session to another, the executive was instructed to endeavor to have all bills owing by the society presented for payment before the end of the academic year.

After the business of the evening was despatched an excellent programme was rendered, consisting of selections from the Glee and Banjo Clubs, recitations, and vocal and violin solos.

At the meeting of the society last Saturday evening, the song book committee reported progress. Several of the best collections of college songs have been secured and the committee are carefully making selections, and hope to have the material for the new Queen's University Song Book ready for publication some time during the next academic year. The award in the prize song competition was given for a song, entitled, "Queen's," by A. E. Lavell, B.A., an old Queen's graduate.

A resolution of condolence with the family of the late E. Ryerson, M.A., who has been was passsd taking a post-graduate course at Worcester, Mass., since graduating here last year.

The Athletic Committee were instructed to secure estimates of the cost of laying out a lawn tennis court on the Campus and to report to the society.

Notice of motion was given that the society request the trustees of the university to take steps to procure better ventilation in the class-rooms of the Arts building. A motion will be brought before the society at the next meeting *re* the appointment of a musical committee of the A. M. S. on much the same plan as the athletic committee with certain funds at their disposal, and whose duty it will be to look after the musical interests of the university. The editor of the JOURNAL gave notice that at the next meeting he will move the appointment of a committee to select a journal staff for next year.

Pres. Farrell, as a member of the committee for securing a memorial brass in memory of Dr. Williamson, reported the action of the committee and recommended that the society advance \$10 in addition to its own subscription on the understanding that the *Æsculapian* Society be asked at its first meeting in the fall of '96 to make a grant for this purpose of the sum which this society advances in their behalf. The committee was instructed to inform the lady students and the students in Science that a subscription is on foot *re* the same, soliciting aid from the different societies of the university in this behalf. The Arts Society have already made a grant of \$25 towards this fund.

#### **Y. M. C. A.**

The meeting of Friday, 21st, was conducted by R. W. Geddes, who read a paper on "Contentment." He was followed by J. W. McIntosh, D. M. Gandier, and A. O. Paterson, who discussed some of the points suggested by the leader. The meeting was fairly well attended, considering the lateness of the term.

#### **Y. W. C. A.**

On the 13th of March a paper on "Contentment" by Miss McDowall was read to the Society. The following Friday Miss Ethel Mudie gave the last missionary address of the session, taking for her subject "My Sister's Keeper." The leader based her talk principally on the power of influence in the smallest details of life, and on the importance of realizing our responsibility in regard to those whom we have never seen and may never see. In every missionary meeting of the session these two thoughts have been most prominent.

The election of officers for the Y. W. C. A. took place on Friday, the 21st, after the usual meeting. The following are the names of officers for session 1897:

President—Miss Cameron.  
Vice-President—Miss Henstridge.  
Recording Secretary—Miss Mudie.  
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Bryan.  
Treasurer—Miss McLennan.  
Curators—Miss McDonald, Miss M. Miller.

Convenors of Committees: Programme Committee, Miss Murray; Missionary Committee, Miss Brown. Mrs. Leslie, (*nee* White), president of the Y. W. C. A. last session, was elected honorary president by acclamation.

---

#### **SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS.**

On Sunday, 8th March, Rev. J. L. Gilmour, of Brockville, conducted the service in Convocation Hall, and spoke on the vision of Isaiah and its bearing on our times. After giving a comprehensive survey of the social and political condition of Israel and of the two great powers between which Israel lay, the speaker dwelt on the person and work of Isaiah, as seen in his divine call to the prophetic office. Three distinct truths were revealed in the vision of chapter 6: the sublimity and holiness of Jehovah, the function of man as a messenger of God, and the result of a faithful performance of the Divine commission. The first of these formed the basis of all Isaiah's later preaching, and is a truth we still need to emphasize. An undue exaltation of science, an inordinate desire for riches, and a grinding state of poverty alike require clearer conceptions of Jehovah. The earnest yearning after piety and the increased interest in theological study indicate a desire for a better knowledge of God which it is most encouraging to note.

Isaiah was chosen as a prophet to represent God to man. Then, as now, when God had a great work to do in the world He honored man by intrusting him with the task. The one who would thus represent God must see God and see himself. Like Isaiah, he must realize that only as the power of a holy God is revealed in him can he truly minister to

his fellow-men. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and therefore, he who would reveal spiritual truth must be a regenerated soul. Men are to-day longing for truth, the mental and moral unrest of individuals and nations calls for the true prophet and emphasizes the importance of his work. True, many will refuse to listen to his message, but as in the days of Isaiah, a chosen few will hearken and this remnant will be a pledge of final triumph. The prophets were all optimists.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The following are the subjects and leaders for the programme of the ensuing session:

Ruskin as High Priest of Nature.....	Mr. W. H. Murray.
The Electro-Magnetic Theory of Light.....	Mr. W. C. Baker, M.A.
The Struggle for Responsible Government in Canada.....	Mr. R. Burton.
The Wasps of Aristophane.....	Mr. J. S. Short, B.A.
The Story of Creation.....	Mr. F. J. Pope, M.A. and Mr. D. McG. Gandier, B.A.
Marlowe's Faustus.....	Mr. T. G. Marquis, M.A.

#### Q. U. M. A.

The annual meeting of the association was held on Saturday morning, March 28th. The treasurer's report indicated a balance on hand of \$8.11. W. M. Kannawin and T. Fraser were appointed auditors. After a few remarks by the retiring president, the election of officers for the coming year was undertaken with the following results:

President—D. McG. Gandier, B.A.
Vice-President—M. H. Wilson, B.A.
Treasurer—J. S. Watson, B.A.
Recording Secretary—J. H. Turnbull.
Corresponding Secretary—A. J. McNeill.
Librarian—L. J. McPherson.
Committee in Arts—W. A. Alexander, D. L. Gordon.
Committee in Theology—W. H. Cram, R. Young.

The meeting closed with prayer.

The Committee of the *Aesculapian Society* has much pleasure in acknowledging the following subscriptions of one dollar from medical graduates: Dr. J. A. Stirling, Kingston; Dr. S. N. Davis, York; Dr. W. J. Scott, Lanark; Dr. R. G. Smith, Oakland, Iowa; Dr. C. O. Maybee, New Providence, Iowa; Dr. S. C. MacLean, Spencerville; Dr. Jas. Brady, Rochester; Dr. J. M. Shaw, Lansdowne; Dr. J. H. Nimmo, Brockville; Dr. J. M. Stewart, Chesley; Dr. Claxton, Verona; Dr. L. Tuttle, Tweed. Dr. H. Ramsay Duff, Kingston; Dr. Farley, Trenton; Dr. A. A. Dame, Toronto. The Committee is surprised that only two of the city profession have availed themselves of the privilege of subscribing to so worthy an object.

Our sanctum is grateful to J. C. Brown, B.A., for the gift of vols. 21 and 22 of the *JOURNAL*, bound together in cloth. The earlier volumes are on strike, demanding similar humane treatment. There will be no peace until their terms are complied with.



"On the cop right of his hed ther were no heres,  
Ne more than are upon a hennes eres."

**N**INETY-SIX has two 'pillars' who have found it difficult to preserve their own identity (when their hats are off). One of them, Mr. E. G. Taylor, is the subject of this sketch. He was born in the sea-begit land of Cape Breton, and owes his sturdy frame and his stalwart orthodoxy to the sea-salt and the calvinism with which the atmosphere of that part of our dominion is impregnated. After two years in Arts he was inveigled into Divinity Hall, where he appears a sheep among the goats, more gentle and meek looking than the members of the M.M.P.A. But he retains a warm spot in his affections for '96, and has been known to incur the risk of excommunication in his zeal for his year in Arts. He will make a good pastor and will probably need the manse along with the 7.50.

R. M. Irving, better known as "Robbie," comes from California. He is a combination of sunshiny countenance, silvery hair, and "golden state," especially the latter on the skating rink. Bob can make a joke too, but like the Prof. in Physics, he laughs at it himself. He thinks Riverside the greatest place in the world, but prefers Kingston for boating and tennis and skating for obvious reasons. He has held the city championship in tennis, singles, twice, but failed in the doubles. It is to be hoped that his "double" for life will be more successful. He has played hockey, football and curling with marked success, and in these departments has fought many a hard battle for the University. As a student he has been successful, and we predict for him a pleasant journey through life.

"And of his port as meke as is a mayde,  
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde."

Alfred William Playfair, the Alinonte champion, P. C.'s greatest effort, the flaxen-haired youth who never told a lie, said his prayers, sloped a class, or missed an exam. Managing Editor of the *JOURNAL*, President of '96, 1st Vice-President of the A.M.S.

The subject of this sketch, whose popularity among his fellow-students is attested by the positions of honour he holds, is a product of Almonte High School, from which institution he matriculated four years ago with unrivalled honors. His course in college has been in perfect keeping with his success on that occasion, being marked by the winning of an unusually large number of scholarships. No man in Queen's is more deeply imbued with college spirit than Mr. P., who, while a most successful student, has fought many battles for the honor of Queen's on the football field, and has devoted himself earnestly to the performance of any duties imposed upon him by his fellow-students. He is a man of remarkably wide genius, can run a saw mill, manage a lumber shanty, conduct a river drive, and as the scarred and battered warriors of '08 can testify, is a fistic warrior of surpassing prowess. Tall, active and athletic, the most distinguishing feature in his personal appearance is the semblance of a maltese kitten which adorns his upper lip. But no sketch of this many-sided individual would be complete which failed to make mention of his ability as a vocalist. Marvellous indeed is his rendering of his favorite solo beginning with the touching and pathetic lines—

"My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann,  
She ran away with the hired man,  
And now right through my heart  
You could drive a large wheel-barrow."

A. M. Robertson is like the wind, for we know not whence he cometh, nor whither he is going, but we do know that he came in with a lot of classes off, and is going to make a record for himself this spring. He hath a lean and hungry look for Mathematics, and 'tis said that he has his eye on the medal. At any rate he is a diligent and painstaking student, and is one of the stars in the Astronomy class. He boards about a mile from college, but nevertheless always covers the distance in three minutes, as it is one of his many principles never to walk slower than No. 19 street car. He says little but thinks much, makes no noise but works hard, and we are safe in saying that Queen's will have reason to be proud of him in the near future.

Walter Bryce, according to the most competent authority we are able to consult, was born at Keene, in the year 1792 A.D., but being in no sense a fast liver he is now only about 25 years of age. At the date of his birth Venus was in the ascendant, Mars was "on his ear," and Jupiter just recovering from an attack of grippie; consequently during his course his attention has been about equally divided among the fair sex, the rink, and a fractious moustache.

So assiduous were his attentions to these interesting and worthy subjects, that he rarely allowed his studies to interfere with his duties to them. He was fond of music and possessed a good voice. His best pieces were, "Mary and John," and "If you would only marry me I wouldn't care at all, If there never grew a praty in the town of Donegal." His rendition of these charming ballads has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. It is said that he could never go contentedly to bed until he had first played "a couple of tunes" on his violin. He now holds a good position on the teaching staff at Ridley College, St. Catherines. We wish him all success. "S'k'loo!"

J. Y. Baker hails from Glengarry, and never fails to remind one of the fact. Like all Scotchmen he is "canny," and this no doubt accounts for his record, namely, "The man against whom Cupid lays seige in vain." But for all this, certain ones who are in the inner circle of Jim's acquaintance, know he has a soft spot in his heart for the fair sex. He is not one of those men who are well known around the college, because he is not of a self-assertive nature; yet those who know him best feel the boon they have in his friendship. He is a good friend, a hail-fellow-well-met, with only one weakness, a persistency in skating alone, much to the disgust of certain young ladies. As he has been a good student we predict his success in the Spring, but hope to see him again in the Autumn when he enters the medical department.

Albert Brown, sometimes called Bertie Brown from Beachburg, is a lineal descendant of that Tom Brown who was once a school boy. He disclaims all connection with the Smiths, but admits that he is distantly related to that other great English family, the Jones. Since first he set forth to Queen's, a frightened freshman, he has wrestled manfully with "the invisible hand," Prof. Marshall's jokes and Nathan's grasp, of which latter he claims he knows the construction and use. We hope he is not deluded. Every fall he goes into the fray with the determination to win, and every spring he comes out smiling with the air of a man who has "passed," and we feel confident that this spring he will step out a full-fledged grad., with a bright future. But Albert, we must frankly tell you that you have not seen the full meaning of university life. Man, students included, is a social animal. No man should retire from the world, but should live in it and be of it. You have neglected too much college societies and college friendships, and that communion of soul with soul which the true student loves so much. Be warned in time. And now *pax vobiscum.*

W. Percy Fletcher, though not ostentatiously brilliant, covered four years' work in three and will be a B.A. no matter what the issue of pending examinations. All members of '96 remember with pleasure his solo in "Vive la Compagnie." Being a diligent student, a genial gentleman, sociable and faithful in his attentions to the sex, we confidently predict his success and happiness as a christian preacher.

Robert Geddes comes from Deseronto, and as might be expected, brings with him a large stock of confidence and ambition. He reads Honours in Classics and English and expects to graduate. He plays basket ball, sings, skates and studies. His chief sphere of activity is the Y. M. C. A. He will not leave us as he is booked for Divinity Hall.

Jack Munroe is a skater with female Methodist proclivities, and a musician of no mean order. Although his stagger, and swagger, and porter—all assumed—once frightened the servant lass, that is all past, and Jack is swiftly gravitating to the sober theologue state. His jollity, always within the bounds of propriety, has become more and more spiritualized and he is ever known as a man of open heart and ready hand.

Jack Craig is one of the quietest and most easy-going men in the college. He is taking a pass course and does not aim at distinction. He is a regular attendant at Hatch's "at homes," and does his duty as a chavalier gladly and gallantly, and almost impartially. He was first secretary of '96, and must have found the work too hard, for he has carefully avoided office ever since.

J. B. McDougall, of Almonte, (called Julius Caesar for his nose's sake) is a devotee of the Classic Muse. He writes English verse modelled on one of the most popular of the old masters of English song. He is a diligent student as well as a brilliant scholar, and has failed to win distinction only because of an unfortunate weakness of the eyes. As he is destined for the pedagogue's chair, we shall hear of him ere long as a classics master or professor, unless he devotes himself entirely to poetry.

#### TOM'S BHOYS.

*Mr. Editur:*  
I take me pin to till ye aboot the bhoys who are lavin' my superintindince. They are a tricky sit of bhoys and raised cane at the dinner whin I wasn't there. Since last year the advancemints in midicine enables me to make a more penetratin exam. On some I have used the microscophe and I'll show ye what I see under the low and high power.

See that fellow powrin' plashter on another fellow's hair. That is Randy McLennan. He is swiftur than grased lightnin' on skates, and trickier at hockey than Old Nick in darkness. He is a life member of ivery hockey and lacrosse team in the city and as far down as Coteau and as far north as the pole. Sassiety and gurruls have no attrakshun for him. Besides hockey and chatin' Joe Downing at whist, he spinds his whole time at his books. This year he has pasht a host of exams, played hockey all over the States, and picked out a place for his midical practice nixt year.

That lonesome lookin' fellow is Wager. As he only came from Trinity this year, I'll give ye his pidigree. He is a widow and is fast losing his hair. He often goes away to see his sick mother, so he says, but I nos all about him, for shure when he comes back don't I hear him singin' "Seein' Nellie Home." Thin for memory's sake he takes walks down by the garrison. He tells me he has no fear of midicine, but he hates pathology. Under low power I find him composed largely of round, fat cells. The savashus glands and hair follicles on his head are in a state of decay.

Tom Mooney like misilf is Irish. He is noted for everythin', long hair, hockey, football, chief justice, student and good fellow. He was captin' of the Limestone team last year which was batin' 13 to 1, and since thin he plays hockey no more.

Under low power one can see a large heart, sound tissues and healthy brain. With high power one can see a large number of green cells, which show their Irish propensities by attacking the Drummond cell whin it appears. A dark substince is plentiful, which on clinical exam. I find to be nicotine.

What's thrump now? Joe Downing, B.A. Joe and I and two other fillows used to spind lots of time in the din. They tells me Joe wrote a book on How to Play Whist, but he comes to me yit for pinters. At the dinner he atttempted a new line of work, makin', a spach, but he gave that up since he saw the principal. Joe attindend every class where the roll is called, and in the spring passes iviry subject and well up at the top too. Low power shows a very nervous structure, especially at whist. High power shows a lot of dark substance which is nicotine.

James C. Gibson, M.A., after four years hard work is close to the midal. He has tried all my purscriptphuns for growin' a mustache without succiss. My midical knowledge was severely taxed, so I sint him to the Principal, who has somethin' to start the hair. This hard work and disappointmen has stunted his growth. The only bad thing I know about him is that a suspicious looking kig addressed to him was sint to the college, and said to contain

beer. Of coarse I sint it back. The low power shows the organs and tissues to be reduced in size, but the high power shows healthy cells indicatin' no injury from bad habits as alcohol. No nicotine was found.

That small, quiet, good-looking bhoy is Charlie Hudson, sometimes called Lulu. The bhoys tell me Percy Bannishter is tachin him in midicine and therapeutics, but as Percy sees through colored glasses, I'm afraid that he may lead Charlie astray. When he intered first he practised high kickin' with Joe Brophy, but he has given up all frivolity except an occasional leap year dance. So I'm going to give my certificate that Charlie is of age, knows lots of midicine, and possissis my highest confidence. With this he will succeed because he is allus a favorite, steady and attnds to his business.

Peter M. Campbell, B.A., and Benjamin Webster, B. A., are the tallest men of the year. They shmoke their own pipes, for howly shmoke I can't. They are careful students, conscienshus workers and counted the bist men in the year. They present characteristic tonsurial habits. Both wear short hair on top. Ben has a very long mustasche, while Pete has very attraktiv sideboards. Ben attnds the Salvation Army, while Pete goes to St. James' at night. Ben belongs to Kingston, and Pete has a big interest in some of the people. Ben is an oratuer born and they tills me he used to practise down by the shore, shoutin' agin the wind and waves. Pete is sircitary of the *Æsculapian*, and sits as quiet in the matin as he does in class when his feet reach down to the floor.

Arthur McLaren, Hugh Walker and Tom Kelly are heart brakes to me. The devil himself niver knows phwat they be up to, for where there is any divilmint, you're shure to find thim there. I mate them at night, and they are nivir alone. In the mornin' they joke each other, but ye can't tell phwat they mane by the motion of their fingers. I go to the rink to kape my eye on Arthur. He seems to be larnin' some little grrul to skate. Hugh and Tom have a fondness for picnics and leap year balls.

H. Murray and Fred McDonald always go together. Fred is Herh's silent partnur, and shure one night whin I wint home he began to monkey with our ice waggin, but he'll till ye nuthin' aboyn it now. He sacrifices his own thoughts and actions to please Herb. Herb is that sleek lookin', mouse-colored bhoy, who has bin vice-prisident of the *Æsculapian*, Justice in the Coort House, Surgeon, and the bhoys till me is likely to be medallist. They tills me he is A one at commurshul wurk, but Ford won't accept his resates.

J. P. McManus. I'm more feared of Jack than I iver was of the Rooshans in the Crimea war. You

niver knows where he is goin' to hit ye or what he is thinkin' about. I niver saw Bath, but I knows all about it from Jack, who thinks it is the centur of the univarse. He was Kinnidys right hand man in football, but his nose played too far forward and he couldn't kape up to it. He has raised a fine crop of whiskurs to gain confidince in the Profs. and to bring him a degree. He took no specchial coorse but will be a good all-round docthr.

Mike McDermott stayed wid me two years and thin wint to Shicogy and came back a new bhoy. He tuk to football this year and was sint to the fince for hittin one of them gintulmin cadets. By manes of the cathode ray I find his hair is parted strate over the longitudinal sinus, is not a wig and measures 3 feet long. His muscle fibres luk as if he had bin doin' pugilar training. His heart lies in a strate line wid the part in his hair. The duodenum was found to meshure 5 feet long and I was so surprised that I gave up the exam. Mike aspires for the medal in Doc. Moonduls class but does not like to be questioned.

Jesse Dunning, alias Hunt, and A. Mackie have not been long under my care. I've kept my eye on them, but they are make as Moses round the college. Dunning seems to attend ivry class in college. The Dean thinks Mackie is an authority on gurruls, but take my word that Dunning knows twice as much, though he is an innocent lookin lad. Each will do well in his future coorse.

Alex. Embury, Etson Teepell, and Charlie Macpherson may seem too young to go into the wurruld but I have taken good care of thim. Besides I have been trying the latest "Coffee's Moustash Generatur" on them, and already I see good results on Teepell. With the 'scope I find no sebashtus gland and hair follulkis on Mack and Embury so I advised thim to stop the thrial for a few years.

Teepell is House Surgeon, has binifited grately by advice and is becomin more modest ivry day. In the Spring I'll sind him back to Watertown an A i docthr.

Embury has interviewed all the big min of the city: Col. Duff, MacIntyre, and Prin. Grant. Now he hopes to git a sartificate of good conduct from the ministhur of Sydenham. He tills me they have the best choir in the city there. When he leaves me he'll be able to resthore the dead.

MacPherson, so Doc. Soolivan says, is of a phlematic timpermint, whatever "in the wurruld" that manes, for I haven't come across it yit in midical rading. He is not a noisy bhoy and to my knowin' he has only bin out at night on the last two Soondays. He has such power even now over sick people that even the soobs turn over when he inters the room.

A. A. Metcalfe, alias "Bill Nye," used to be more under my superintindince, but is not so hashful and modest since he wint to the Hospital. Now he likes prominent places at lectures and operashuns. He is perfict at obstructin' the view at operashuns, and puttin' his arm around the neck of a patient, showin' a bit of practice in sum way or other: but of coarse he allus votes and talks on principal. He has steered a strate coarse around here, attinded to his wurk, and now appears confidint that he knows it.

W. H. Irvine, B.A. Billie can tache school, superintind an hospital, and git married whin he likes. He has tached half the bhoys here and most of the Profs. at skule. He is Prisident of the *Æsculapian Society*, and whin I goes away home I laves him in charge of the bhoys. He don't play hockey, football or whist; nor does he dance or talk to the nurses, but he takes a quiet shmoke at home. Everybody likes him and almost obeys him, and wishes him success.

J. Boyle, B.A. "Joe Bile," plays nine pins wid the stools, builds purrymids wid my tables, curls wid my spittoons, dances the Scotch fling, has taught Randy McLennan, and can do everything in sports. I runs to the rooms whin I hears tables and stools dance and shlide, and fur two years nivir suspected Joe of doin' it. He has hoostled off his wurk in 3 years and is well prepared for a practice.

A. W. Irwin distinguished himself as Capt. of the Limestone Hockey Cloob and by his oratoric powers at the dinner last year. He retired from all sports this year, but was coaxed to referee the ladies' hockey match and to take one or two shates on the rink. He will be the only auburn-haired bhoyn I'll send up for a degree.

J. Neish and W. Lyle were put under the cathode rays, but they wint through Jim too quick and did not pinitrate Lyle at all, at all, so I got no results in either case. To the naked eye they are exact opposites. Jim bears all the burdens and cares of life while Billie has nun. Jim is of the Cannibals from Jamaica. He minds his own bizniss and attinds to wurk, and only for sickness he wud have gone back to Jamaica with his M.D. last spring.

Billie tuk my advice and is now married. Shure you know I can till them fellows afflicted with heart disase, and if it bothers them too much I takes them aside and tells them to go and sittle it.

Howly shmoke, I saw lonesome looks on Callfas, Young, Lyle and Horsey at once and they wint and sittled the matter. But by the howly powers I have not seen Horsey yit. The others have stodded well iver since.

Yir humble sarvint,  
Tom.

## PERSONALS.

About two years ago the Editor-in-Chief of the '93-'94 JOURNAL sanctioned the verse :

" Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that!  
That kirk, and fee, an' fayre layde  
Shall quick appear an' a' that."

Last November we learned that the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Napanee was on his knees —tacking carpets. And on Thursday, 19th ult., Rev. W. W. Peck, M.A., LL.B., was married, at Toronto, to Miss Marguerite A. Swanzey, 553 Euclid avenue.

Furthermore, on Wednesday, 25th ult., James Leslie, agent of the Canadian Express Company in this city, was married to Miss Lizzie White, B.A.

The snow blockade shut out the cake from the *sanctum*, yet may the benediction of their Alma Mater rest upon the newly-married grads. forever.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of one of the cleverest of our graduates of '95—S. E. Ryerson, M.A. Entering Queen's with the class of '92, after a distinguished course at Orillia High School, Ed. was soon known as a brilliant student. After absence from college for a couple of years, he re-entered, graduating last spring with first-class honours in Mathematics. He was taking a post-graduate course at Clarke University, Worcester, Mass., when congestion of the lungs caused his death on 28th ult.

A good student of Mathematics, he could have excelled also in Classics or English Literature. He took a lively interest in athletics and all college affairs and was a most enthusiastic Queen's man. He was upright, warmhearted and unassuming, and many of his fellow-students have most kindly memories of him. His death is a warning to soine to be more careful of the body. It calls all of us to cultivate that in his spirit which makes him live in our hearts. The sincere sympathy of Queen's is extended to the bereaved relatives.

## EXCHANGES.

**T**HE *University Monthly*, of New Brunswick University is a very welcome guest. In appearance and tone it is very quiet and Canadian, and not unlike our own UNIVERSITY JOURNAL. The college news is bright and racy. The literary articles are varied and interesting, but not very deep nor weighty, except a review of Mrs. Sophie M. A. Hensley's "A Woman's Love Letters," by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, who greets the authoress as a new Canadian poet. The poetical contributions, "Beyond the Years," by Win. Carman Roberts, "Arcadie," by G. E. Theodore Roberts, and "A November Vigil," unsigned, are above the level of undergraduate verse. They are all quiet, graceful

and elegant, the last being a pathetic "Lover's Complaint," the two former short, philosophic poems whose titles are fair indices to their style and matter.

*The College Observer*, published monthly at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P.E.I., is an unpretentious eight-page pamphlet, enterprising and quite readable. It is almost American in its progressiveness. An article headed "1916" in the "Looking Backward" style foretells the abolition of Greek and curtailment of Latin study. We commend the enterprise and hardihood of the *Observer*, and foretell that it will appreciate the wisdom of the ages, and advocate the retention of the classics in the college curriculum.

The *Collegian* of Mount St. Joseph College, Baltimore, is a welcome visitor. The winter crusade of our Hockey team has carried the name and fame of Queen's far south of the Old Ontario Strand. As the *Collegian's* exchange column is more sarcastic than considerate we may speak freely. The *Collegian's* vocabulary, grammar, spelling and punctuation are decidedly original and American. The articles are clear, all dealing with American subjects, and are, probably, very interesting to Americans. To us the most interesting feature is an article on "Authorship in the South Before the War." Mount St. Joseph College is conducted by the Xaverian brothers and resembles a Canadian high school rather than a college. "Special attention is given to mathematics and English (?) without neglecting the classics." We may hope then that the *Collegian* will gradually become more orthodox in etymology and syntax.

We are pleased to receive the *Pennington Seminary Review*. Pennington Seminary is a preparatory school for the University of Princeton, as well as a normal school and commercial college. As a high school paper, the *Review* is entirely admirable, and the local news is excellent and sometimes witty. But we think the *Review* is too ambitious. High school pupils are hardly capable of dealing with "True Courage," "The Danger of Instruction," "Is Ours the Greatest Age in History," and similar weighty subjects. Something of bombast and heroics—for which Mr. Carlyle is probably to blame—might also be profitable eliminated.

The *Review* is excellent of its kind, and deserves all praise, but the contrast between aim and achievement is very sadly felt.

The *Buff and Blue* is published semi-quarterly during the college year by the students of Gallaudet College, Washington, D.C., a deaf-mute college. Nothing literary is attempted, but the March number contains a remarkable article on the faculty of admiration, somewhat in the style of Carlyle,

with copious quotations. As a medium of college news the *Buff and Blue* is very bright and fluent, but if it be a faithful reflection of college life, learning must be a very unassuming quality at Gallaudet, which boasts thirteen societies, and whose lady students are athletes and gymnasts.

The *Lotus*, of Kansas City, is our latest visitor from the West. Though not published by any college, its purpose is to encourage original work by undergraduates in the West. It is artistic as well as literary, and contains some pretty but rather gaudy sketches. The poetry is not a brilliant success—under-graduate poetry seldom is. The prose tales are varied and original, but the style and matter do not commend themselves to us. The best feature is the critical commentary on current literature. It is published semi-monthly.

The surplus of last year's *Varsity* was \$200, not \$2.00.

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

A LITTLE bird sends a report of the last meeting of the M.M.P.A. After voting \$10 to the JOURNAL as a slight token of the society's appreciation of the faithful record of marriages, elections and other protective bonds, the president presented his annual address. He expressed satisfaction with the unparalleled growth of the association since its inception, the number of felicitous unions consummated during the session, and the general interest awakened among the students in its most philanthropic projects. The babies' midnight choir has proved so attractive that the appliance for producing harmony out of infants' "crying for the light" will be patented, with a special view to its introduction into railway cars and steamboats. No "other language than a cry" is necessary for the most exquisite musical effects. The salary of the master of ceremonies should be quadrupled and the grand matchmaker granted a commission of at least 2½% on all wedding cake. The outlook for the future is very bright, '99 undergraduates in Arts, and all the Divinities but one, besides 59 Medicals, having filled in application forms. Of these 250 have proved satisfactory, and on a very modest calculation 200 will be admitted to all the rights, privileges and responsibilities of the order within the next four years. He recommended that Cupid should be furnished with a new bow, a pair of skates, a million X rays, as well as a tandem bicycle, that pneumatic tires be worn on all M.M.P.A. perambulators, that the outward aims and objects of the association be presented to the workingmen's club, that delinquent Profs. be severely and severally dunned, and that an inter-collegiate league be formed.



NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR

**THE LITERARY DIGEST**

*A Weekly Repository of Contemporaneous Thought and Research*, as presented in the periodical literature of the world, in all departments of human knowledge and activity.

Illustrated, \$9.00 per year. Single copies, 10c.

**THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.**

An International Monthly Magazine of Religious Thought, Sermonic Literature, and discussion of practical issues.

Subscription, \$3.00 per year; to preachers and theological students, invariably in advance, \$2.50.

**The Missionary Review of the World.**

A Monthly Magazine of Missionary Intelligence and the Discussion of Missionary Problems, covering every Mission of every Society of every Country in all Parts of the World. With Valuable Illustrations. Editor-in-Chief, ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.; Associate Editors, J. T. Gracey, D.D., President of the "International Missionary Union," Rochester, N.Y.; Rev. D. L. Leonard, Oberlin, Ohio; Rev. F. B. Meyer, London, England.

Subscription, \$2.50 per year, in advance. Single copies, 25 cents, post-paid.

**FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.,**

11 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO.

**RICHMOND & CO.**

CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF

**GENTS' FURNISHINGS**

AND MAKE A SPECIALTY IN . . .

**DRESS GOODS, MANTLES AND MILLINERY.**

10 Per Cent. Discount to Queen's Students.

**FOR THE FINEST****READY-TO-WEAR****SUITS OR OVERCOATS**

OR

**MOST STYLISH****CUSTOM MADE****GARMENTS****COME HERE**

You can make your dollars go a little further if you buy from us

To Students we will give a liberal discount and a cordial welcome.

**Grand Union Clothing Co.****122 PRINCESS STREET.**

HAVE YOU  
SEEN

**JENKINS**

KINGSTON'S GENTS' FURNISHER ?

He has everything you need in Neckwear, Gloves, Underwear, Umbrellas, Y. M. C. A. and Queen's Suits, Queen's Sweaters, and our latest in Queen's Macintosh and Coats, made of Black Paramatta Silk, Velvet Collar and Coats, made of Black Paramatta Silk, Velvet Collar and Red Lining. 10 per cent. Discount to all Students.

DON'T MISS THE PLACE,  
174 WELLINGTON STREET.

**W. P. BELL & SON,**  
\* PHOTOGRAPHERS \*

BROCK STREET, MARKET SQUARE.

Photos of the latest styles at reasonable prices.

Life-size Crayon Portraits at low rates.

Liberal Discount to Students.

**R. H. ELMER**  
Fashionable • Hair-Dressing • Parlor,  
161 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.  
\*BATHS + AT + ALL + HOURS\*

**GEORGE MILLS & CO.**

170 WELLINGTON STREET.

**FURRIERS & HATTERS**

SPECIAL LOW RATE TO QUEEN'S STUDENTS.

A CAP TO FIT ANY HEAD.....

BOYS, put on your Thinking Cap and lend us your ears!

+ + W B SELL + +

Men's Underwear, Socks, Braces, Shirts, Collars, Ties and Gloves at rock bottom cash prices. If from the University, kindly state so, as we allow you an extra Ten Per Cent. Discount. We also make Laureating Hoods. You will find us on the corner of Wellington and Princess Streets, in the Old Glasgow Warehouse.

**CRUMLEY BROS.**

**COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS.**

College Note Paper with College Crest or Vignette of the College Building.

\*\*\*

**Note Books and Memorandum Books**  
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

\*\*\*

**Fountain Pens, Stylographic Pens, &c.**

AT

**F. NISBET'S Corner Book Store.**

### BUSINESS CARDS.

**DR. O. W. DALY,**

Dentist Surgeon,

139 Princess St., Kingston.

Over Standard Bank.

**JOHN MUDIE, B.A.,**

Barrister, &c.,

Clarence Street, - - - - - Kingston, Ont.

**LAVELL & FARRELL,**

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.,

Smith's Falls, Canada.

JOHN R. LAVELL, B.A.

A. GRAY FARRELL, B.A.

**D. ALLAN BLACK,**

Dentist, (Medalist),

130 King Street, (Opposite Macdonald Monument), Kingston, Ont.

**MCINTYRE & MCINTYRE,**

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.,

King Street, - - - - - Kingston, Ont.

**R. E. SPARKS, D.D.S., L.D.S., M.D.,**

Dentist,

230 1/2 Princess Street, - - - - - Kingston, Ontario.

Special Attention paid to Oral Deformities.

### KINGSTON & PEMBROKE

AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RY'S.

THE BEST ROUTE BETWEEN

Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal,  
Quebec, St. John, Halifax,  
Peterboro, Toronto, London,  
St. Thomas, Ingersoll,  
Pembroke, Baulk St. Marie,  
Port Arthur, Winnipeg,

AND ALL POINTS IN THE

### NORTH-WEST AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

**B. W. FOLGER,**

GENERAL MANAGER.

**F. CONWAY,**

ASST. GEN'L PASS. AGENT.

### STUDENTS!



Its a cold day when we cannot please you with anything in our line.

We can warm up your enthusiasm to the highest pitch over our stock of

Medical and Art Books.

Fountain Pens that never miss. Pencils that will sharpen without breaking. Scribblers that will stand ink. Note Books that are well bound. Queen's Writing Pads.

**JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,**

88 PRINCESS STREET.